

THE GRYPHON

VOL. 17. No. 3.
FEB. 9, 1914.

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Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.

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Fig. 5.

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CHANGES IN STAFF.

July, 1912, to September 30th, 1913.

DEATH :

Prof. P. H. M. du Gillon, Professor of French Literature.

RESIGNATIONS :

Prof. C. E. Vaughan, M.A., Professor of English Lang. and Lit. ; Prof. H. R. Procter, M.Sc., F.I.C., Professor of Applied Chemistry (Chemistry of Leather Manufacture); Prof. R. Beaumont, M.Sc., M.I.Mech.E., Professor of Textile Industries ; J. P. Lockwood, B.A., Lecturer in Law at Hull ; H. Littlewood, Clinical Lecturer in Surgery ; J. M. Hector, B.Sc., Lecturer in Agricultural Botany and Forestry ; R. Veitch Clark, M.A., B.Sc., M.B., Ch.B., D.P.H., Honorary Demonstrator in Public Health ; W. S. Edmonds, F.R.C.Sc.I, Assistant Lecturer and Demonstrator in Physics ; F. J. Kean, B.Sc., Assistant Lecturer and Demonstrator in Civil and Mechanical Engineering ; J. M. Thomson, Assistant Lecturer and Demonstrator in Civil and Mechanical Engineering ; D. Bowen, F.G.S., M.I.M.E., Assistant Lecturer and Demonstrator in Mining ; H. H. Gray, B.Sc., Assistant Lecturer and Demonstrator in Coal Gas and Fuel Industries ; S.W. Daw, M.B., B.S., F.R.C.S., Surgical Tutor ; Dr. W. H. Maxwell Telling, Clinical Sub-Dean of the Faculty of Medicine ; Miss E. J. Welsford, F.L.S., Laboratory Steward and Research Assistant in the Dept. of Botany ; Miss Minnie Hey, B.Sc., Research Assistant in the Dept. of Zoology ; C. D. Wilkinson, Demonstrator in Leather Industries ; Miss E. E. Leadlay, Assistant Instructress in Dairying.

NEW APPOINTMENTS AND PROMOTIONS :

(i.) *Arts.*

Prof. G. S. Gordon, M.A., as Professor of English Lang. and Lit. ; A. M. Woodward, M.A., as Assistant Lecturer in Classics and Ancient History ; Arthur Greenwood, B.Sc., as Lecturer in Economics ; Miss E. M. Blackburn, M.A., as Assistant Lecturer in Education.

(ii.) *Science.*

J. M. Nuttall, B.Sc., as Demonstrator in Physics ; W. O. Redman King, B.A., as Assistant Lecturer and Demonstrator in Zoology ; R. C. Knight, B.Sc., as Research Assistant in the Dept. of Botany ; Miss Jane E. Smith, B.Sc., as Research Assistant in the Dept. of Botany ; J. Jorgensen, as Research Assistant in the Dept. of Botany ; Miss Margery H. Briggs, B.Sc., as Research Assistant in the Dept. of Zoology.

(iii.) *Technology.*

Prof. E. L. Hummel, B.Sc., as Professor of Mining ; D. B. Morgans, B.Sc., as Assistant Lecturer and

Demonstrator in Mining ; H. S. Rowell, A.R.C.Sc., B.Sc., as Assistant Lecturer and Demonstrator in Civil and Mechanical Engineering ; S. H. Stelfox, B.Sc., A.M.Inst.C.E., as Assistant Lecturer and Demonstrator in Civil and Mechanical Engineering ; Prof. E. Stiasny, Ph.D., as Professor of Applied Chemistry (Chemistry of Leather Manufacture) ; W. R. Atkin, M.Sc., as Assistant Lecturer and Demonstrator in Leather Industries ; F. C. Thompson, M.Sc., as Research Assistant in the Dept. of Leather Industries ; H. J. Hodson, M.Sc., as Assistant Lecturer and Demonstrator in Coal Gas and Fuel Industries ; William Harrison, M.Sc., as Research Chemist in the Dept. of Coal Gas and Fuel Industries Dept., appointed to undertake Research in Ventilation ; Miss F. M. Barrett, as Museum Curator in the Dept. of Tinctorial Chemistry and Dyeing ; Prof. C. Crowther, M.A., Ph.D., as Professor of Agricultural Chemistry and Head of Research Institution in Animal Nutrition ; Harold W. Dudley, M.Sc., Ph.D., as Lecturer in Bio-Chemistry in connection with the Animal Nutrition Research Institution ; W. R. Crawford, as Live Stock Officer for Yorkshire, in connection with the Live Stock Improvement Scheme of the Board of Agriculture ; W. A. Millard, B.Sc., as Lecturer in Agricultural Botany ; E. Lee, A.R.C.Sc., as Assistant Lecturer in Agricultural Botany ; N. M. Comber, B.Sc., A.R.C.S., as Assistant Lecturer in Agricultural Chemistry ; J. W. Eves, as Assistant Instructor in Horticulture ; H. Marshall, as Assistant in connection with special investigation undertaken by the Agricultural Dept ; Miss C. Brooke, as Assistant Instructress in Dairying ; J. H. Hargraves, as Farm Assistant (Manor Farm) ; F. K. Jackson, N.D.A., as Director of the Flax Experiment Station (Selby).

(iv.) *Medical.*

H. Collinson, M.B., M.S., F.R.C.S., as Clinical Sub-Dean of the Faculty of Medicine ; Dr. H. S. Raper, M.B., Ch.B., as Lecturer in Chemical Physiology ; A. L. Whitehead, M.B., B.S., as Lecturer in Ophthalmology ; Dr. C. W. Vining, as Clinical Lecturer in Medicine and Honorary Demonstrator in Pharmacology ; A. Richardson, M.B., B.Sc., as Surgical Tutor.

(v.) *Administrative.*

L. E. de St. Paer, as Chief Clerk in the University Offices ; J. J. Ilett, as Private Secretary to the Vice-Chancellor.

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"The Gryphon never spreadeth her wings in the sunne when she hath any sicke feathers: yet have wee ventured to present our exercises before your judgements when wee know them full well of weak matter; yielding ourselves to the curtesie which wee have ever found than to the preciseness which wee ought to feare."—LVLV.

Vol. XVII.

FEBRUARY, 1914.

No. 3.

Editor: S. ABRAMS.

Committee: Prof. GORDON, A. M. WOODWARD, Esq. (Staff Representative), W. REDMAN KING, Esq. (Treasurer), Mr. W. L. M. GABRIEL (Medical Representative), Misses I. CROWTHER and MUSGRAVE, and Messrs. WEEKS, COGGILL, S. COHEN, BERRY and ROLLESTON.

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We regret that the Vice-Chancellor has not yet recovered from his illness, but hope that it will not be very long before we see him back again in the University.

* * *

The strike has passed over Leeds, and among the memories it has left, that of the "attitude of the University" will probably occupy an outstanding position. We publish a special article on the University and the Strike, which we would advise all carefully to think over.

* * *

By the time the *Gryphon* appears the Inter-'Varsity Debate will be over, and it will be too late for us to extend, as we would wish to, a hearty welcome to the representatives of our Sister Universities. We trust however, that the momentous question of Party Government will have been discussed in a manner

worthy of the signal merits and great failings of such a policy. We are sure that the reception accorded to our visitors this year will have made them feel that the bonds between the Universities are as strong as ever, and that Leeds has every desire to make them still stronger.

* * *

The social side of University life is held by not a few students to be the least essential part of that life, and one to which very little attention need be paid.

Never could there be a greater mistake.

Yet this error is one into which it is very easy to fall, especially if there is a tendency to regard the University as an institution preparing for distinct professions and not as a social organisation whose aim is to aid the development of the individual as a whole. In the main it is through a false idea of what is necessary for happiness and success in the walks of life that students limit their activities to the acquisition of those relatively small amounts of knowledge doled out hourly in the lecture rooms.

We are glad to be able to think that such ideas are gradually losing their hold and that a feeling of the value and importance of the social life of the University is growing. The correspondence which lately centred round the Annual Dance we take to be an indication of this and a manifestation of a desire for better opportunities for social intercourse.

None of the objections raised against the Annual Dance can be laid against the *Conversazione* on February 27th, it is a function which may well claim the attendance of all members of the University.

As in the past, Mrs. Schüddekopf has turned her organising ability to the production of the play, this year Mr. Bernard Shaw's "The Man of Destiny." All who have been to a University *Conversazione* or read the *Gryphon* know that the play is one of the things of the evening, and this play will be no exception to the rule. It is full of Shavian wit and exciting incident, and promises to hold the audience spell-bound. Those who are taking part in the production are so confident of success that they can afford to disregard the fact that memories of the Repertory Theatre still remain. Through the kindness of Mr. Bernard Shaw the acting fee of ten pounds has been reduced to two, and the production thus made possible, all our thanks are due to him for this.

Besides the Play, there are hosts of other attractions which are being prepared in the various departments of the University, and one has only to ask a question of one who has been, to receive an overwhelming account of the attractions of the evening.

* * *

The Library has often been made the subject of witticism in the columns of the *Gryphon*, but this has been due for the most part to an inclination to look with good humour upon some absurdity either in the regulations or in the application of them.

An incident which might well lend itself to humorous treatment came to our notice during the term. A certain Professor needing a book for his lecture, sent a student for it to the Library. After a somewhat lengthy interval, the student returned, but instead of the book, handed to the Professor a borrower's form,

stating the book could not leave the Library without a form being filled in for it. The form was filled in and the book obtained.

Although we appreciate the care taken about the safety of the books, yet we think that the Library regulations were intended to be applied with a certain amount of thought and judgment, and not merely mechanically as they stand. In a case of this sort a little appreciation of the spirit of the law might well have tempered the desire to apply the letter.

* * *

We would call the attention of Classical students and all others interested in classical study to a letter in our correspondence columns from Professor Rhys Roberts. They will undoubtedly be pleased to hear of the inaugural meeting of the Leeds Branch of the Classical Association and the possibility the Society brings of visiting Roman sites, not in a merely casual manner but with the distinct aim of gaining a deeper knowledge of the conditions of Roman life in Britain. We are especially interested to learn that the Society has no intentions of keeping the result of its investigations to itself, but hopes to give schools and other institutions, by means of illustrated lectures, the benefit of its specialised study.

* * *

The University has at length got new grounds. The six acres at Burley on which the University has in the past been compelled to concentrate most of its activities in the realm of sport have now been exchanged for two fields in Otley Road with an area of about twenty-two acres. We print a plan of the new Sports Ground and an eloquent description of it, and endorse all our contributor has to say of the possibilities now open to the various teams to uphold the honour of the University in the North. If fine grounds have any power to raise keenness, we think the University soon will have the keenest teams on record.

* * *

March the 6th is announced as the date of the Inter-Varsity Athletic Contests at Liverpool, and we look forward to a phenomenal number of colours being won this year, and to all round success in the contests. The ladies are especially urged to make up the required fencing team.

* * *

Contributors are kindly requested to sign their contributions, or take the risk of having them neglected. No names will be made public except at the express wish of the contributor.

* * *

THE ANNUAL CONVERSAZIONE,

on February 27th.

"THE MAN OF DESTINY,"

By Mr. BERNARD SHAW.

Napoleon - - - Mr. ROWELL.
The "Lady" - - Miss REDMAN KING.
The Lieutenant - - Mr. DRURY.
The Innkeeper - -

We suspect that the part of the Innkeeper is to be taken by a small gentleman who is well known for his ability as a performer not less on the stage than in the gymnasium.

The University and the Strike.

It would be very strange if the *Gryphon* went to press without some account of those memorable transactions which have made the University of Leeds for some time past the most talked-of University in the Kingdom. It was on Friday, the 12th of December, in the midst of that annual examination or contest of wits by which teachers and students (before it should be too late) are brought better acquainted, that we were introduced, and introduced in the abruptest manner, to the consideration of a much more serious contest, involving more difficult questions than are commonly set at such a time. We had all known about the strike of the municipal workers, and according to those differences of temperament and training which distinguish one man from another, we had each our own opinion about it. We were sympathising with the workers, or with their employers, or with both; for the subject of the dispute had never been made clear, and in any case, clear or not, a University, if it means anything, means freedom of thought. Into this variety of opinion and sympathy there came, on Friday the 12th, a demand for action. The chief officers of the University were asked by the Council of the City, or by certain important departments of it, to communicate to members of the University an urgent request for volunteers to help in carrying on those services of the City which had been endangered by the strike; and it was intimated that this was part of a general request which they were making to all the citizens of Leeds to assist the City in its difficulty. The chief officers of the University communicated this request to those members of the University who were at hand, and some 200 students volunteered to serve. They were given time to think it over, and to consult their parents; and these preliminaries settled, were drafted into the gasworks of the City, where they worked as they had probably never worked before. Many other citizens took part with them in this and other services, and the praise and the abuse which they have earned show by their volume how important was the work they did, and how well they did it. The rest of the University, meanwhile, representing all shades of opinion, went on their way, taking the same liberty as those others had taken to hold and express, without fear or favour, their personal views on a matter which is and remains in the highest degree perplexed and disputable. It was a demonstration, as equitable as can well be conceived, of the right of every member of any University or academic institution to that freedom of opinion and action which all citizens should enjoy. The demonstration of this freedom and of the power of a genuine University (as we are) to demonstrate this freedom (as we have done) without a trace of rancour or internal discord, we believe to be one of the most valuable results of the whole dispute.

Of the particular occurrences of the strike there are two which seem to call for special notice, one at the beginning of it, and the other at the end. The cowardly attack on one of our volunteers outside Holbeck Station was an act condemned by all good men on both sides of the dispute. We regret not only that it happened, but that it should have been

possible, and we assure Mr. Waring of the sympathy of the whole University in his serious illness. The other incident is more pleasing: the speech, full of good feeling and good fellowship, made by one of the gasworkers on behalf of his colleagues when they had come back, and had worked for one long shift with the volunteers. It was a frank recognition of the spirit in which all our volunteers had offered their services; a spirit as far as possible removed from class antagonism or bigotry. They differed from the strikers on nothing more fundamental than this, a question of method, refusing to believe that the only way of healing a wound in one part of a City is to stop the life of the whole. The question is difficult enough, but it is not fundamental; there is no reason why it should divide classes; and in any case it is not a local question. It is a question on which the country must pronounce. In the meantime, it is being realised that whatever temporary disadvantages the strikers may have suffered from the action of the volunteers, it has had one great advantage. It has kept their places for them.

A Day in the Gas Works.

By a Machine Man.

I WOKE up with a start and gazed around, sleepily wondering if the strikers had broken in, and what they were doing outside the joiners' shop. Bang, bang, bang, somebody's hob-nailed boots outside made the door rattle.

"Go to h— with you, it's only five o'clock."

"Go an' 'ave yer breakfast."

"You b— night men 'ave got no right to come wakin' us up at this time."

"We'll open the door at a quarter to six."

By this and sundry other remarks from my fellow-sleepers, I knew that the night men had finished their shifts, and wanted to take our places on the mattresses spread out in the joiners' shop.

More sleep was impossible, so we lay and talked awhile. Just in front of where I had slept was the machine saw, and over the other side lay the main body of sleepers, around the fire. Some were up aloft amongst the timber, in the dove-cotes we used to say. One or two of these "doves" used to "coo" at night in rather an objectionable way. One night this cooing practice prevented me from sleeping, so I climbed the ladder leading to the "cote," and vigorously pulled the offender's nose.

"You're snoring like an old pig," I said.

He rolled over in his sleep, and the cooing ceased. Next morning, I found that he was the cashier at one of the Corporation offices, or something similar.

But to return to our "muttons." About 5.30 someone lit the gas and we proceeded to get up. What a motley crew we were. Some had hardly undressed at all, others wore long flowing garments which once might have been white. We dressed, let the night men in, and then made our way to the wash place, which was situate in the blacksmith's shop. Next we made tracks for the dry canteen, where we had a sandwich and got a little warmer.

A few minutes after we were in the retort-house, and all ready to start work.

"Now then you barrer men, big barrers there. Look sharp you openers out, middle centres," the voice of the tall thin foreman rang down the retort house. He strode over to the first arch, knocked back the eccentric hinge of the middle centre door, pushed up the catch, and flung open the door of the retort, wheeling round to escape the explosion which inevitably takes place on the introduction of air.

Two large barrows rattled over the iron floor, drawn by four black-faced men clad in overalls and sweat-rags round their necks.

"Ram," roared the foreman, and in a few seconds, the white hot coal came tumbling out into the waiting barrows, sparkling and splashing. As it fell it was slaked by a stream of water, which caused dense clouds of sulphuretted hydrogen and smoke to rise.

Now came the machine-man's turn. He jumped on his charger, and dashed down the shop at the rate of half a mile an hour. When opposite the first middle centre retort, he stopped, and by pulling various and divers levers, filled the retort with coal. All the way down the shop he went following the barrow-men.

At 8.30 we were again in the canteen, "necking" our breakfasts, which consisted of ham sandwiches, two-and-a-half inches thick, black tea in enormous mugs, and sometimes cake or jam.

This perfunctory meal over, we went off down to the office for letters. One might well say the office. The floor was strewn with bits of paper and rubbish of all kinds. On the table lay old *Graphics*, last night's papers, and a heterogeneous mass of stuff. On the desk near the window were piled up coats, boots, bags, in great disorder, half-a-dozen night men were sitting round the fire, two or three were writing home, and one man was in the telephone box.

Soon after nine o'clock, we were back at work again, making gas as hard as we could. By one o'clock we had completed six draws, or filled 120 retorts with coal.

We thought that our dinner was well earned at this rate, and so were not long in getting to the canteen. Imagine our chagrin on finding that the place was full of night men who had got up purposely to have some dinner, and would then go to bed again. After a few sweet kind words to them, we lined up in the queue and waited our turn. Gradually the queue moved on, and at last we were inside the place.

Oh! the air, it was stifling. Two hundred men crowded, packed like sardines, into a tiny room, in the centre of which was a stove, with a red-hot iron plate forming the top. Near the door was the provision table, where perspiring chefs carved the beef (we always had beef for dinner), and ladled out the potatoes and gravy, as the line of men passed by. Right at the far end of the room, a large, fat, greasy man pretended to wash the plates and knives. Seated at tables around the room, were the night men "wolfing" the "grub." All the knives, forks and plates were in use, so we had to watch a man who had nearly finished and then (as he balanced the last piece of meat on his knife, preparatory to swallowing), bag the dining outfit. The queue passed by the washer-up and the men as they passed handed him their plates

and knives, still warm, and he just dipped them in cold water, wiped off some of the adhering fat, and handed them back to the owner, who had moved on a few paces. By the time one had reached the carver, the heat of the room had dried the plates. Was it any wonder that by the time we had reached the meat our appetites, which, when we entered were vociferous, had gradually lost their keenness?

Work stopped for us at six o'clock, when the night men came on. There was always a rush for the baths about this time, but the best policy was to feed first and wash after.

About ten o'clock, the joiner's shop was locked, and a late comer might hammer at the door in vain unless he knew the password, which was either "Tet" or "Joshua."

The evening of this day I am describing we had a very fine recitation of one of Kipling's pieces by a city clerk. We were all in bed, but the beds were hard, and sleep would not be wooed. Someone called on him to recite. It was grand. I can see him now standing in the flickering firelight (for we had turned the lights out). His recitation seemed to act as a sedative, for soon after we were sound asleep, dreaming haply of the tall, thin foreman, and his "Big barrers there," and mixing him up with examinations and Kipling.

Just So.

Small boy (blessed with a cleft palate and a split lip) to the Hall Porter: "Pleath are you the Old Snorter?" (Sound of flying hoofs and broken glass in the distance).

Dear Old Lady (seeing posse of police in College Road): "Well, I always knew them students was mischievous young monkeys, but I never thought they'd want bobbies to keep 'em from fighting their teachers."

It is quite untrue that a number of students, impressed by the evident joy of the police who watch comely maidens crossing College Road, have joined the Force.

A number of contributions have been held over for the next issue.

Medical Students can now get the *Gryphon* in their own buildings.

Leeds University Union.

Result of Union Committee Bye-Election.

January, 1914.

Elected.	Votes.
Webster, F.	59
Craven, P. C.	38
<i>Not Elected.</i>	
Dobson, R. G.	35
Thompson, H. W.	35
Baines, A. R.	25
Guest, W.	21
Groom, R. C.	20
Sykes, F. A.	13
Goldthorp, L.	10

THOS. WILLIAMS,
Acting Hon. Sec.

An Open Letter to Mary (Phyllis, Amaryllis, &c.)

DEAR MADAM,

Pray excuse the salutation. I should much prefer to call you plain —er, I *should* say, to address you as Mary (P., A., etc.), but after consulting various authorities of weight (including H—m— Ch—t, and J—hn B—ll) I find that it is the correct thing to begin as above, though, it must be confessed, the latter authority invariably uses the term Mary when referring to his better half (also rd. weekly). Be that as it may, however, I am not the one to presume upon any such liberty, even though the Picture Palaces now most insolently, under your Christian name, tell us what happened to you (in twelve parts). I have often thought that this is a libel of the most aggravated (or should it be aggravating?) type: to issue anyone in weekly parts and numbers is, to say the least of it, a serie(ous) proceeding. [Don't do it. My heart's weak.—Ed.]

I believe, but I would not assert it upon oath, that a well-known poet (since dead) once referred to you, Mary (P., A., etc.) as being in heaven. If No. 17, College Road, is heaven (and who am I to deny it?), I yield the palm to the aforesaid rhymster for real knowledge of the world, for I must confess that in that case I have never been in heaven; from which you will immediately conclude, with feminine rapidity (vide *The Tempestuous Petticoat*) that I am a mere male man, which, for you, is not bad alliteration. As for me, I admit nothing, I deny nothing, and the Editor of the *Gryphon* has sworn by all his *penates* never to divulge my identity. So beware of jumping hastily (it is rather difficult in a modern costume I admit) to conclusions, Mary (P. A., etc.).

Now that we are properly introduced, and have agreed to abolish the prim style of address, I can continue my rambling remarks about your delightful self. And as the first consideration with a woman is the matter of dress, let us then discourse on that engrossing subject. As a mere disinterested spectator, Mary, I have often wondered how you manage to insert yourself into that wonderful creation which (so the Editress of *W—ld—n's* tells me) is designated on the fashion plates as a "sheath" dress. Nor has a close study of the habits of the caterpillar, and the forms of the chrysalis enlightened me on the subject. I prefer you when you take up the role of the simple maiden, though, I must confess, you overdo it at times, for I have a great admiration for you really. I simply dote on seeing you cut a dash (metaphorically) in lecture-room and corridor, and so on the whole I should bewail any decline in style on your part.

But, lest too great praise spoil you, I must point out that you have your little ways, you naughty creature. After all our various efforts to keep you nice, you will persist in taking books from the Library shelves, and, horror of horrors, I believe you actually *read* them! Really, Mary, this is too bad, for you are quite a big girl now and ought to know that your perverse ways will spoil that serene brow that I, and all of us, delight in. Leave books to the men, my dear, leave them to the men.

I should weary you with a long list of your more lovable points, and annoy you if I were to cut it short, so I will leave you here (for further developments of this exciting story see next week's thrilling instalment) with a brief admonishment to be demure in the Library, to leave heaven for the lecture-room just a wee bit earlier, and a prayer that you will continue to enliven the many weary hours we spend in the Entrance Hall, and so give unbounded pleasure to

Your devoted slave and admirer,

A. LEYEA.

Jack: an Episode.

HE came on approval for good, but his grandmother said he was too much for her, and back he went, although he has paid her occasional visits since.

It all began with Jack's first visit to the seaside, where his grandparents and aunt were staying. When his father brought him, Grandma screamed out, "He's brought Jack and all." She always would call him Jack, although his father and aunt said Jack was a common name, and wanted to call him Bill. Struggle as they would, they always had to yield to her final argument, and the picture it conjured up, "Do you think I'm going to call *Bill* after him in the streets?" So he was officially Jack, but still used Bill as a kind of incognito.

For having a dog at all, even one named Jack, his grandmother saw herself being turned out by her two sister landladies who in her opinion were bound to have a rooted objection to dogs. When they succumbed to his charms, she could make no further objections, but she was never quite certain that Jack was not getting lost at that very moment, and she felt sure that would grieve his father. At that stage she preferred not to think of her own feelings after all the times she had refused to have a dog in the house. It was Bill himself who converted her. He had such an appealing way of smuggling in to her that she had to look at him, and when she did look, his face bore such an expression of settled melancholy that she knew that dog could do no wrong. For a puppy four months old, Jack had all the makings of a diplomatist in him, but he yielded to temptation and fell as we all have done.

Now, when he chased sea-gulls, he was looked upon with a lenient eye. How was he to know that sheep were barred? He didn't know, and off he went after those sheep, and off went his master after him, whilst the rest of his relations watched the glorious chase. Jack won, but it was a Pyrrhic victory.

Perhaps he felt it had been worth it. He had had a good run for his money after all. It wasn't like being chucked into the sea for doing nothing, and spending the next half-hour wondering which of his misdeeds had now been expiated. As you see, Ja—Jill, Bill, that is, liked to know the reason of things. In fact, he was so inquisitive that he spent the first moonlight night in trying to get hold of his shadow and everybody else's, whilst all his relatives called him names for disgracing them. He certainly

lent an added interest to his relations' holiday. His grandmother chiefly wondered whether he had enough to eat. His grandfather grew quite sprightly in his hurry to get the easiest chair before Jack was settled in it, and his aunt felt her day had not been wasted when she succeeded in getting Bill as far as the chocolate machine on the Promenade with a feather in his mouth to clean his grandfather's pipe.

After all his triumphs, his relations are not quite clear to this day how it was that Jack accompanied them home instead of going with his father, but the fact remains that he spent a week with them.

During that week he saw quite a lot of Leeds, and amongst other places, he visited the University. He didn't care very much about it, though—in fact, he was rather bored. To begin with, he resented being tied to a chair in an upper cloakroom, but even that wasn't so bad as the umbrella stand he was transferred to when he upset the chair and dragged it cheerfully round after him. He got resigned to the umbrella stand in the end, but was distinctly glad when his temporary guardians appeared and released him, whilst he was further mollified by the amiable advances of a stray librarian who patted him and inquired his name, being somewhat mystified by the Jack-Bill explanation. Downstairs there was a certain excitement in surreptitiously entering the Library but he objected to being hauled agitatedly away when he wanted to explore the Hall Porter's Office. Chasing tennis balls and chewing the owners' shoes were the only things he really enjoyed that afternoon.

At the end of a week, Jack was summoned home by a longing father, and off he went in the car he loved so well, for Jack was a doctor's dog and went on all the rounds. Since then he has been to see his grandparents again. But now they no longer have any claim to the title, for little Bill-Jack has been dead a week of pneumonia. The very morning of his visit he chased a cat round the garden, and in the afternoon they found him, ill as he was, in the car ready to go out. By night he was dead. Poor little boy! There never was a nicer dog than Jack—unless it were Bill.

VIDEO.

Forthcoming Lectures.

WE have pleasure in announcing the following lectures, analogous to those on "Pigeons," "New Wine," and "The Adult School Movement":—

- "The Ethics of Stone Ginger Beer"—Miss Sn-wd-n.
- "Tips for Tipplers"—Mr. G-rg- Sh-w.
- "The Evils of four o'clock Tea"—Several members of the Junior Staff.
- "How to fill a pipe (with borrowed 'baccy)"—Mr. H-rdw-ck.
- "Siamese Twins"—Messrs. G-rr-rd and D-bs-n.
- "Castor and Pollux"—Misses L-ch and Th-stl-w-t.
- "Asceticism and Sky Blue Waistcoats"—Mr. Sm-th-ls.
- "How to borrow a Razor"—Mr. R. H., &c., W-th-rst-n.
- "Should we speak of the New Woman or of the Eternal Feminine?"—Prof. C-nn-l.

- "How to be a nut"—Mr. W-lk-r.
- "How to gather nuts"—Miss L-st-r.
- "My first shave"—Mr. G. O. W--d.
- "How to get a supply of exercise-books"—Mr. T. W-ll--ms.
- "Sartorial Art on 7d. per fortnight"—Misses W--dc-ck.
- "How not to brush the hair"—Mr. H-y-s.
- "The Sheen of Shot Silk Shirt Blouses"—Miss K-rkw--d.
- "Telephone Amenities"—The H.P.
- "Pre-Raphaelite Necks"—Miss Is--cs.
- "Cycles, Sewing-Machines and Forth Bridges"—Mr. F. W-bst-r.

D.P.

A Glimpse of Dauphiné.

Memories of an uneventful climb.

IT had been cold and gloomy when the car emerged from the tunnel at the top of the Col du Galibier and began to descend the long zig-zags of the road down into the valley of the Romanche. Across the valley the Meije* was hiding its summit-ridge in clouds which augured ill for fine weather, but increased the impressiveness of the great glaciers pouring down its northern face out of the mist far above our heads. A drizzle was falling when we halted at Lautaret, a favourite haunt of the Alpine botanist. Here, indeed, art and science have come to nature's aid, for in a garden adjoining the hotel the University of Grenoble has laid out an Alpine garden where the rarest plants from the Alps are ranged trimly by species, in stony beds, with sections containing unfamiliar treasures from the Pyrenees, Iceland and the Himalaya. But to the lay mind their charm is lost, for man had put them there and labelled them; and orderly arrangement is not one of Nature's qualities in Dauphiné. On reaching La Grave and strolling up the slopes behind the village, one's view was still dominated by the Meije, which reminded one that mountains, unlike, as some say, small children, are not merely to be seen and not heard, for the thunder of its ice-avalanches boomed now and then across the valley.

Next morning however, was bright, and my plan of campaign was soon formed. Théophile Pic and his brother Florentin were engaged to accompany—or should I say conduct?—me up the East Peak of the Meije, an attractive snow-pyramid not visible from La Grave. This is one of the few real snow-peaks in Dauphiné, and consequently thought beneath the notice of the expert climber, who attacks, as Dauphiné's *pièce de résistance*, the great West Peak, a glorious rock-climb, continuously difficult, and one of the most laborious expeditions in the Alps. I had no such ambitions, and if I had, the powdering of freshly fallen snow would have put rock-climbing for the time out of the question. Florentin was out in pursuit of *gibier* when we had hoped to start, but when he returned empty-handed he shouldered our provision-sack and we were off soon after eleven a.m.,

* In local patois=*Midi* (i.e., *Le Pic du Midi*).

our immediate goal being the hut on the Rocher de l' Aigle. This is situated on the very crest of the main ridge of our peak, more than 11,000 feet up, where it slopes down eastwards to a low outlier. The ascent to the hut needs no detailed description, for one glacier-ascent is in general very like another, though, fortunately, the tourist does not always have to battle with such a raging wind as smote us on the slaty buttress leading up from the valley. Cold squalls of rain beat on us when we halted for lunch, and retreat was suggested, with a view to a fresh attempt next day, direct from La Grave, which would involve starting at midnight. But I was loth to lose the 1,800 feet we had already risen, not to mention a dislike to quitting my bed four hours before dawn if there is any reasonable alternative. Optimistic counsels prevailed, and the clouds lifted to encourage us.

A steep grass slope and twenty minutes on a hateful moraine brought us to the glacier, which we followed up to the hut, except for a short scramble up the rocks on its left bank to turn the *bergschrund*. Here, I own it without shame, I fully appreciated the practical as well as the moral support of the rope, for the holds seemed mostly inadequate to my clumsy extremities. The clouds were down on us before we finally reached the hut, soon after five, well satisfied with our progress so far; for we had risen more than 6,000 feet in less than four hours and a half, excluding halts, and step-cutting on the steeper slopes had checked the pace.

The day's delights were not over; as the sun went down a narrow band of sky framed by the flat canopy of leaden cloud above and the rugged tops of the hills below filled and glowed for a few minutes with all the colours of the rainbow. And then to the south-west the crags of the Pic Gaspard showed up intermittently through the driving clouds, with the young moon climbing above its shattered *arrête*. The dusk came, and with it the soup, such as cannot be made except by guides in a mountain-hut, nor perhaps by all of them; no recipe could impart the secret of its charm. Profoundly thankful that we were not back at La Grave with prospects of a midnight start, we turned in to our comfortable straw and blankets. Pleasant as it is "beneath the roof, to hear with drowsy ears the drip of rain," as Sophocles hath it (who, though accounted most fortunate of men, was not a climber), it is pleasanter still to hear nothing—beyond the moaning of the wind and the snoring of one's companions—and to wake, as we did, to a cloudless morning.

The night had been cold, and the sun had little power when we started at six o'clock for our peak, now barely 1,700 feet above us; beneath a frozen crust, the snow was soft and powdery, and when the slope grew steeper, Théophile was soon busy with his axe. After forty minutes' going, we surmounted a rocky outcrop on the ridge, freshly powdered with snow, but luckily not extensive, and were soon on the *arrête* proper, which now steepened yet more, in places to quite fifty degrees. A halt for breath,

when it widened again, to let Florentin take his turn at step-cutting was associated with disappointment, when my companions mistook an allusion to my Kodak to one to Cognac with which we were unprovided. Progress was resumed, and soon after eight-thirty we were shaking hands on the summit. For half an hour we enjoyed the view and endeavoured to restore circulation in our half-frozen feet, with more success than I could hope for in attempting to portray what we saw. No words can do justice to the impression caused by the Central Peak of the Meije towering straight ahead of us; the "Climbers' Guide" is moved from its cold and formal style to call it "a most amazing sight from the East Peak," where we stood. From La Grave and even from the Refuge it is merely the second highest projection in a long jagged ridge dominated by the West Peak, but seen from here it has an individuality of its own, with its summit apparently overhanging the terrific rock-wall which falls sheer to the Etançons Glacier four thousand feet below. More than that, it gives a sense of belonging to some world of fantasy, a new experiment of some unearthly architect, which might at any moment fall in ruin, never to be repeated. Well may the peasants in a valley away to the south-east call it *Le Doigt de Dieu!* The other giants of Dauphiné also claimed a share of attention, *belles horreurs*, as Mr. Coolidge calls them after exploring them for twenty years or more; a mass of toppling crags, seamed with avalanche-raked couloirs, more experiments in bizarre mountain-building, and dominated by the Ecrins, where one could follow and marvel at the route taken by Whympy up its northern face in his successful onslaught in 1864. To the north-east the summits of the Tarentaise, none reaching quite to the height at which we stood, greeted one again, for I had but recently been among them, skirmishing amid the outworks rather than attacking the main strongholds, but Mont Blanc as usual, towered above all his neighbours, as though by divine right. Far to the east stretched the Pennine Peaks in range after range, with a glimpse over their western end of some outlying summits of the Oberland, too remote to identify, at a distance of 120 miles.

All too soon we retraced our steps, and an hour's easy going brought us back to the hut. Lunch, a rest, and a pipe smoked in more comfort than that on the summit consumed the rest of the fore-noon. Our descent was uneventful, though the *mauvais pas* on the rocks seemed no less difficult than in ascent, and we were off the glacier by one-thirty. A welcome halt by a spring, for rest after the descent of the loathsome moraine, gave us fresh vigour, and running and sliding down the last slaty slopes to the valley we returned, flushed partly by our exertions, and one at least of us with satisfaction, to La Grave. The crowning luxury of a hot bath completed the tale of pleasure, and such regrets as came were confined to the thought that nearly a year must elapse before I could renew my acquaintance with the "peaks and pleasant pastures of Dauphiné," for two days later I was due back in England.

To Fanny.

(With Apologies to W. Cowper.)

[We excuse these verses on two grounds only, firstly, because Miss P—ss—v—t is but rarely the subject of such attentions, and secondly, because we know our contributor to be a devout believer in "know thyself."—Ed.]

1. The fifteenth year is well-nigh past,
Since first our sky thou did'st o'er cast,
Yet we would not it were the last.
Our Fanny!
2. Thy energies no fainter flow;
The Suffrage ranks thou'st swelled we know,
Some say thou e'en did'st stoking go,
Our Fanny!
3. The books thou guard'st, a dusty store
Presented by some bores of yore;
Oft thus refused—"You can't have four!"
Our Fanny!
4. How well thou play'st the keeper's part
For e'en thy glance with magic art
Does fill with fear the stoutest heart,
Our Fanny!
5. Thy stern reproofs to gossips seem
To realise the plodder's dream
Of finishing in peace his theme.
Our Fanny!
6. And though thou gladly would'st fulfil
The same kind office for us still,
Some sinners second not thy will,
Our Fanny!
7. Thy two disciples in our sight
Are not so awful in their might,
Some tongues, they know, can ne'er be quiet,
Our Fanny!
8. And by our constant heed we know
How oft the anger that they show,
Transforms itself to looks of woe,
Our Fanny!
9. But could we view nor them nor thee,
Oh, three in one, and one in three,
What pandemonium there'd be,
Our Fanny!
10. And should our future lot be cast,
With much resemblance of the past,
There'll be a chance for swots at last,
Our Fanny!

"MUM'S THE WORD."

The Cookery Girls.

The Cook'ry girls of some renown,
Have just come up from out of town.
They passed me in the Entrance Hall,
Alike, their blouses, one and all.
A maiden dark, with wondrous eyes,
Went by in red and white disguise.
A sprightly girl, with winning laugh,
Of red and white had half and half.

These Cook'ry girls, so I am told,
Are, some quite young and others old.
They differ as the East and West,
Yet all in red and white are dressed;
And be it cold, or be it warm,
They wear that horrid uniform.

Some heedless maids, seem very proud
To show full colours to the crowd;
But others, whose good taste we praise,
Their colours hide from public gaze.
A scarf of purple, pink or blue,
Has often hid the stripes from you.
Coat sleeves they hold in tight-clenched fists,
Lest red and white show at the wrists.
I grieve that for their self-regard,
Discomfort should be their reward:
Then let them don what best befits,
'Tis in their dress girls show their wits.—B.A.B.E.

Night Thoughts.

When all is calmed and hushed to rest,
And deep peace broods,
O'er the world's work-wearied breast;
When the last red rays of setting sun
Have, dying, sunk beyond the clouded West;
Then doth my soul fling off this garb of mortal clay,
To dwell 'midst realms of glorious, everlasting day.

Then doth my spirit upward fly,
With songs of sacred bliss;
The strains I hear, of melodies,
Which in haunting cadence die.
Then joyful I rise to those realms of light,
With wondrous glow and ethereal beauty dight.

I dip my lips in Elysian dew,
I bathe in floods of golden light;
Just as the flow'rets bud on earth,
Harmonious thoughts mature and take their birth.
There, Ah, there is pleasure, exquisite, without alloy!
Ravishing delights that can never, never cloy!

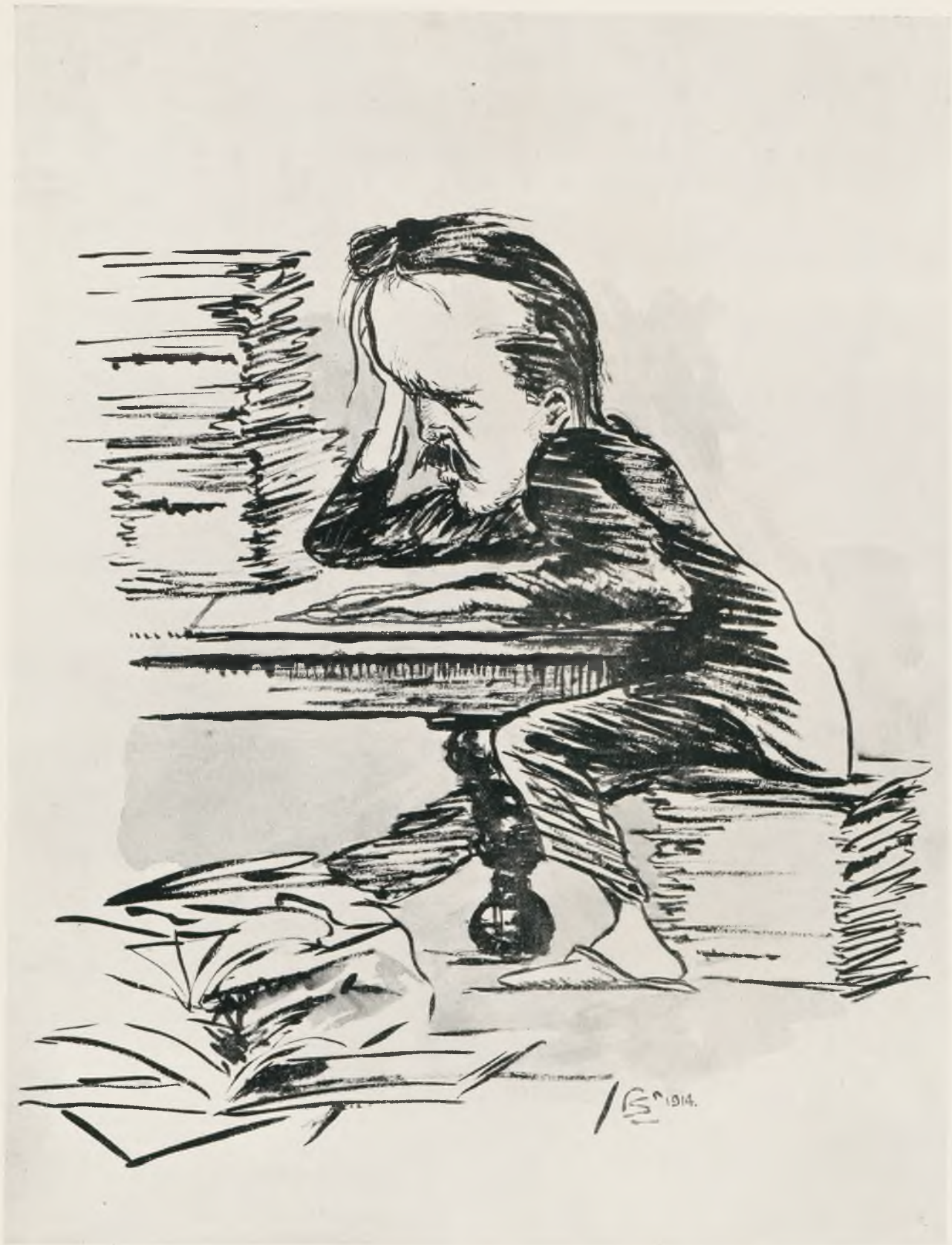
Transported by the sights I see,
And by the rapturous sounds I hear,
Would that I could always, ever be,
Thus distant from our mortal coil of tear!
Would that I might ever wing my upward way,
To fair Imagination's realms of endless day!

A.M.E.

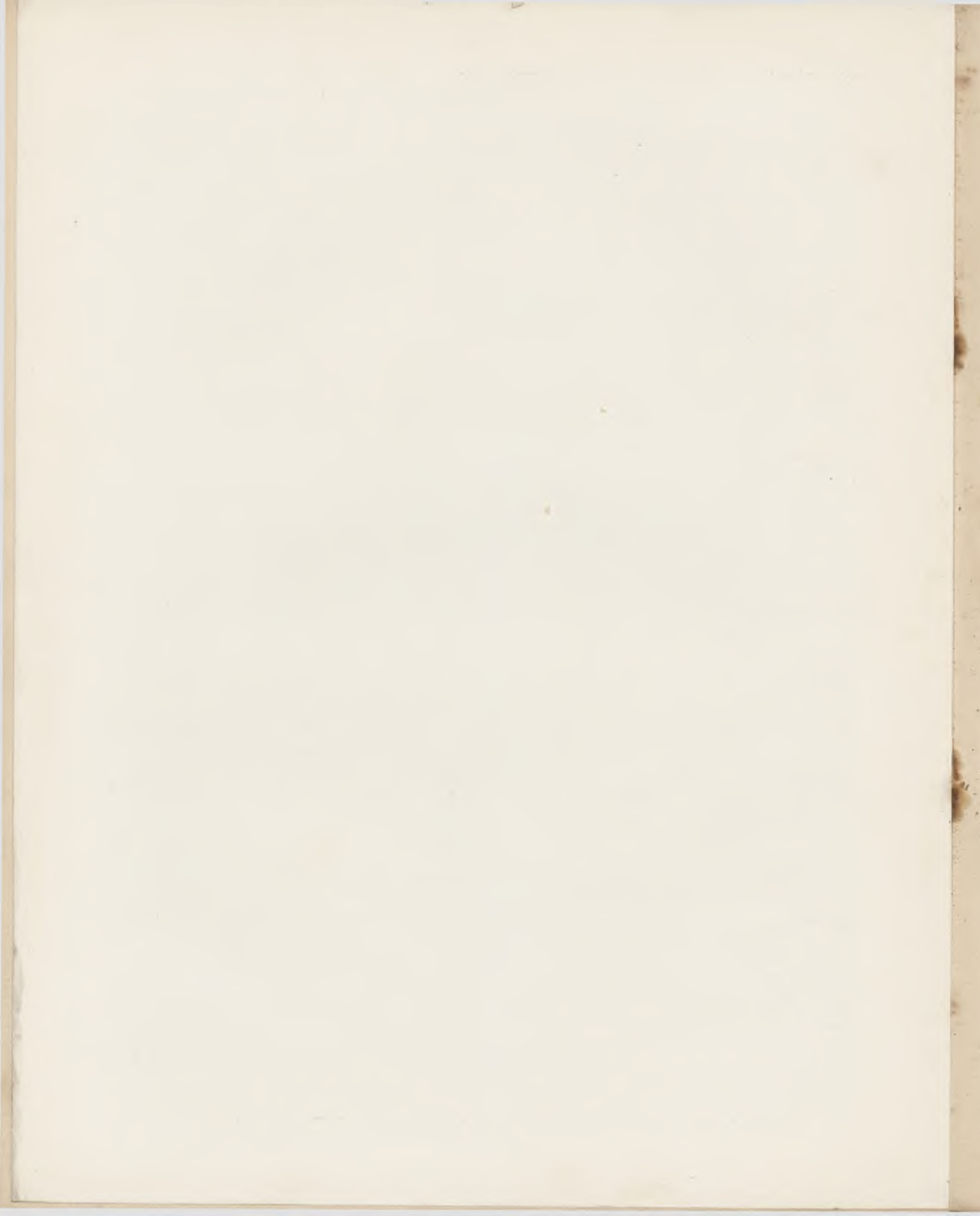
New Sports Ground.

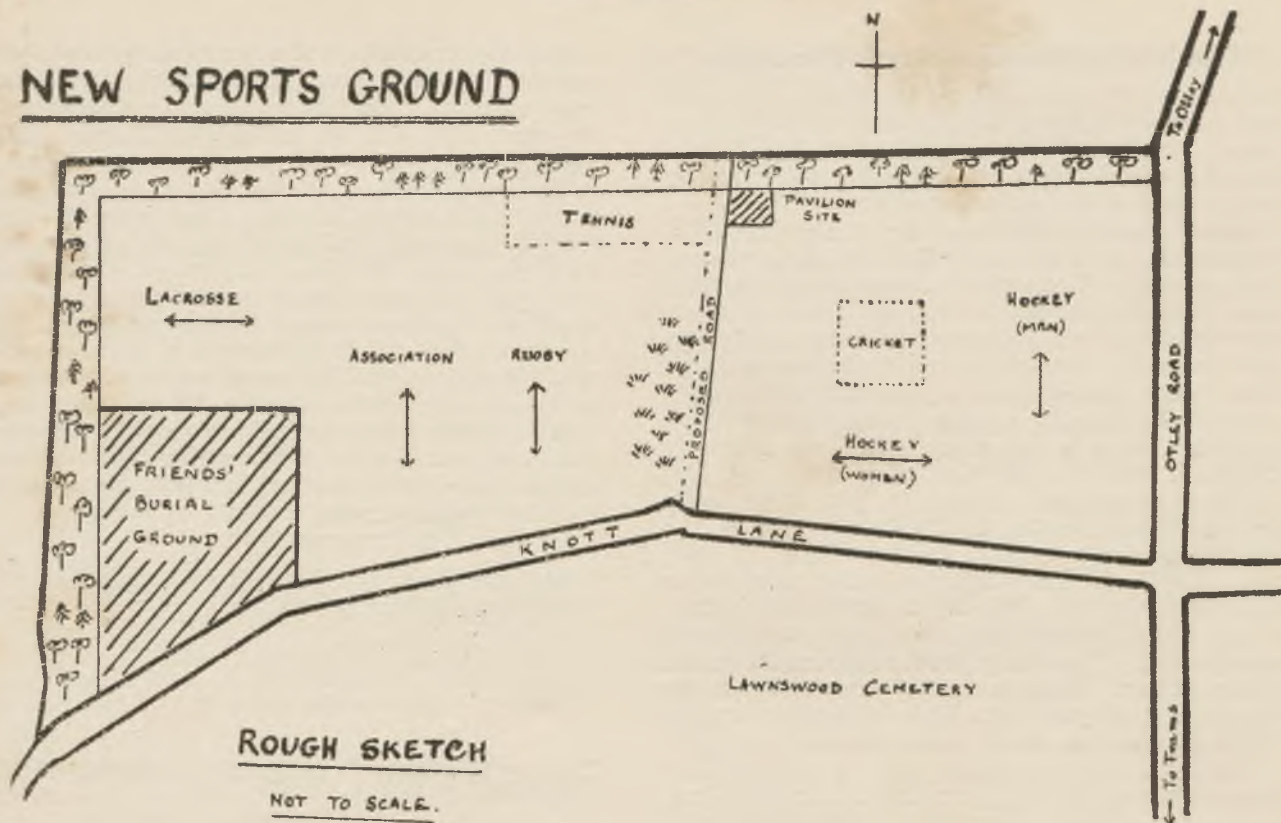
THE event of the Session is the purchase of a new sports ground by the University Council. A good ground, excellently situated, it opens a new page in the history of the University's athletics. It will lie with the Union to see that the page is well covered with good writings.

The ground is situated at Lawnswood, just beyond the Cemetery, on the left hand side of the Otley Road as you go from Leeds. The tram takes you nearly all the way and leaves you only two or three minutes



Professor Gordon Realising the Inadequacy of Examinations.





in which to stretch your legs before you are on the ground itself. The latter comprises two large fields, and its total area, including the bordering plantations, is about twenty-two acres. This compares pretty well with our present six acres at Burley supplemented by odd bits in different parts of the City. The turf of the fields is of good quality and will roll well, but the pieces proposed to be reserved for cricket pitches (about forty yards square near the middle of the lower field) and for lawn tennis will be relaid. The soil is good and well drained. The ground rises gently towards the north-west, but in the lower field the slope is almost imperceptible.

The sketch plan at the top of the page shows how it is suggested that the land should be divided up for the several games that will be played on it; but this question has not been definitely settled. As the plan does not show measurements it may be said that if the proposed arrangement is adopted all the pitches will be of full regulation size.

Arrangements have been made for an immediate start on the preparation of the turf, and it will not be so very long before we shall have available for use a really first class sports ground, with very little to grumble at. It will perhaps take a little longer to get there; but very little, and when there we shall be in far pleasanter surroundings than at the Burley ground. It will be something to be in the open country, and we may hope that it will be a long time before the land-grabbing housebuilder catches up with us. And the ground itself is quite picturesque with a fine belt of trees along the whole of the north and west sides, and in the middle a delightful clump of gorse which we certainly ought to keep if we can. On the east side we have the week-end bustle of a popular main road and, in contrast, on the south

the peaceful atmosphere of the great Lawnswood Cemetery—quite a nice place if you keep on the right side of the wall.

With a good ground, a good groundsman, and, in due course, a really good pavilion, the only thing needed to complete the picture will be first-class teams, which should now take their proper place among the best amateurs in the North. At least let us win those Inter-Varsity competitions. It cannot be done without an effort; a man must train for his colours as he trains for his examinations—not more, not less. The best way to succeed is to hold the balance true between mental and physical recreations. There is plenty of time for both, and each helps the other, while neglect of either means lopsided development. And then again, we need our best men for our own teams; we cannot afford to let them go to other clubs. In the rather scanty accommodation of the old ground some of them may have found an excuse for deserting us; but when we have finally cut away that excuse, they will no doubt rally round that dear, ugly old thing we call the "Gryphon," and help to carry her on to victory. After all, a man can wish for no higher honour in the world of sport than to play for his University.

Do not let it be supposed that the use of the masculine gender in the foregoing paragraphs implies any forgetfulness of the claims of the women students. It is merely due to the deficiency of the English language in not providing a pronoun which covers both sexes. Women have at present a rather more limited but not less important place in athletics than men; but their field is broadening, and it lies with the women of the Universities to show the way. Here again Leeds should be pre-eminent.

The Delights of School Practice.

WE can imagine your surprise, dear reader, when this title catches your eye, and can almost hear you exclaim, "Delights! Delights!! Delights!!! (exclamation marks *ad lib.*). Delights of that long period cut out of the Summer Vacation!"

It really has its delights, though. To begin with, what can be more delightful than one long series of daily picnics? You may be surrounded by rows and rows of dirty red-brick houses, but every day you have all the glorious excitement and uncertainty of a genuine picnic. One day, you have it in the cookery-room, where your suspense as you wait whilst one of your number humbly asks for boiling water, is quite equal to that in a real picnic, when you anxiously wonder if the water in your gipsy kettle will boil to-day or to-morrow. Next day, you wisely order tea from the caretaker, and having decided on the laundry as a suitable spot, you wait there for some time—fifteen to thirty minutes—until your tea is brought in on a tray. We say on a tray, because that is where you generally find your tea by the time it reaches you. You have your simple meal to the accompaniment of music—not of birds and running brooks, but of some dear little infant learning his five-finger exercise on the school piano.

Then it is quite surprising what a great deal of knowledge you can pick up on School Practice—not in discipline or class management; that of course you either know, or learn quite easily (?)—but in history, geography and almost any subject you can think of. For instance, did you know before, dear reader, that leaves drop off a tree because they can't hold on any longer; that a ridge of high ground parting one set of rivers from another is called a partridge; that the first inhabitants of this island were Adam and Eve; or, that amongst the beautiful creepers found on the walls of houses one of the most common is the spider? All these things, and many more, we have learned on School Practice.

It is really most touching to see how the children become attached to you, so that not even your thrilling narrative of the hero's encounter with the dragon will prevent them from trotting out to offer you a pin they have just spied on the floor; and though their hair is (almost) standing on end, they will shoot up a hand to tell you that your own is "coming down at the left side." They take an interest in your welfare, too, and in being asked to give a sentence, in grammar lesson, will make some kindly enquiry such as "Who were you with last night?"

If only you have the knack of the thing, you can really interest them in your lessons; and even their families seem to join the search for knowledge with which you inspire them. If you give them peas to take home, with due instructions as to saucer, damp blotting paper, and glass jar, you will have hosts of enquiries from harassed mothers, as to whether a plate will do instead of a saucer, "plain water" instead of blotting paper, or a tumbler instead of a jar. Once more you explain, and hope for promising results. Next morning, you hear that the baby too, has developed an interest in germination, and has eaten all the peas.

And lastly, think of the gorgeous presents you receive! One day, some child will bring you a tart, from which the jam has mysteriously disappeared; the next day, after an enthusiastic Nature Study lesson, you get a twig of privet, a rose without a stalk, a poppy minus several petals, or some such rarity of the natural world. These presents often come as surprises; but sometimes, the children will warn you a week beforehand of some great gift which is in store for you. Sad to relate, the hopes thus raised are sometimes doomed to disappointment. We remember how one child informed us she was going on a half-day trip to Blackpool, and would bring us back some rock. When the eventful day had passed, we received the sad news that the rock had really been purchased, but that the baby brother (these children always have a baby brother) had been playing with it on the journey home, and had, unfortunately, let it fall out of the carriage window.

And now, dear reader, are you convinced that even School Practice has its delights?

POULAPIS.

The "Lighter" Side of Examination Papers.

"Is there such a thing?" you ask. Most certainly there is—not at first sight perhaps—but to one who dips beneath the surface there opens up a veritable Fairyland, a charming garden of Romance.

Recently I have amused myself by reading through the Examination Papers set during the last four years in this University, and the results have well repaid me for any time spent in so doing.

The answers to some of the questions are so obvious. Take as examples these two:—

"Whereof who drinks

Forthwith his former state and being forgets,

Forgets both joy and woe, pleasure and pain."

and again, Comment on "The dry soul is the wisest and the best." Evidently the first is an extract from a "Melrose Whisky" advertisement, the second from a pamphlet issued in reply by a Temperance Association.

"Simple" is much too mild a word to apply to the next question.

"What are the chief deposits that are to be found on the ocean floor beyond the mud zone. Where do they occur?"

Turning to Law we find this asked:—

"What crime, if any, is committed in the following case? F. sees a thief steal G.'s purse, and makes no effort to arrest him, and informs neither G. nor the police.' Only one answer can be accepted."

F. is guilty of culpable negligence in that he did not arrest the thief and demand half the contents of G.'s purse as the price of silence.

As a last example of the "obvious" type of question, this will do:—

"What are catching bargains? What is the law as to such bargains?"

"Catching bargains," of course, are blouses reduced from 5s. 6d. to 5s. 11½d. at Marshall and Snelgrove's Winter Sale, and the laws applying to such are, "Come early and avoid the crush," and "First come, first served."

Passing to another type of question we have a collection which it is impossible to answer at all.

Who, for instance, could "give a short account of the Silent Woman"? The bare idea is preposterous, and the only redeeming feature about the question is that word "short."

Again—refer to its context—

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."

The author of these stirring lines is unknown, but his name and address are earnestly desired by Mr. William Sykes, at present enjoying His Majesty's hospitality at Portland; this same gentleman is himself a writer, and an extract from one of his poems (written just after receiving "ten years penal") forms another question.

"Bad is the world and hard is the world's law."

Answers to another type of question, although pretty straightforward, would be hard to supply.

No true Radical could remain faithful to his party and at the same time answer "What seems to you to be the principal defects in the Present British Constitution," nor would he like to admit that "Bad—Worse—Worst" are the chief stages in the Free Trade movement.

It would likewise be hard to say "what difficulties are raised by the following sentence:—'There fell on the side of the barbarians about 6,400 men and on that of the Athenians, 192'" without casting doubts on the historian's veracity or without duly admiring his leg-pulling capacities.

To render correctly into Greek, "But of the 500 who *stayed behind*, many *had already escaped* by stealth," would tax the ingenuity of many a good Greek scholar.

Then we have these questions.

"Give and discuss the plot of 'The Broken Heart,'" and "Write a short description of Maud"
[these are quite separate questions and in no way connected.]

The first cannot be answered without introducing names, whilst the second is indefinite.

Does it refer to Miss C——? but no, let us pass on to other questions.

Refer to its context, "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter."

This comes *sans doute*, from the lips of one who inadvertently wandered into the presence of Mr. Hoggett's satellites, but no fair-minded student would like to say so during an Examination.

References to the Suffragettes are numerous.

The preface of "Our Incendiary Exploits" by Miss

Lenton, and a letter to Mrs. Pankhurst in prison are respectively responsible for these:—

"And all this I do because I dare," and

"Thou art not conquered. Beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there."

"The Cat and Mouse Bill of Mr. McKenna" must certainly be given in reply to "What do you mean by Sentimental Comedy?" whilst "Is liberty antithetical to law?" could best be answered by the militant suffragette who uttered the words—

"I must have liberty

Withal, as large a charter as the wind

To blow on whom I please; for so fools have," which passage is in another paper to be referred to its context.

Next to the Suffragettes in importance comes Mr. Lloyd George. These words—

"Alas! 'tis true I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,"

are to be found in "The Life of David Lloyd George, by Himself" (capital letters, please), whilst in the same book, gloating over the results of his 1906 Budget, he says—

"Many rich

Sank down, as in a dream among the poor,
And of the poor did many cease to be."

In "The Life of Lloyd George by an Opponent," we find this passage—

"And with a tale forsooth he cometh unto you;
with a tale which holdeth children from play,
and old men from the chimney corner,"

and this, referring to the Chancellor's 'predatory' tendencies—

"Let the man keep his fortune, since he found it;
He's worthy on't."

Some of the questions are quite "it" as far as being up-to-date goes. For instance—

"The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,

And the free maids that weave their thread with
bones,

Do use to chant it."

is taken from one of the Press comments on that latest Pantomime success, "Who'll play Puss in the Corner?" whilst still more modern is this—

"Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all."

The author of this passage was one of the motorists who saw Hucks loop the loop at Moortown, free, gratis, and for nix, but who afterwards sent to the aviator a P.O. for 5s. (together with the words above) in response to inward twitchings.

It would be possible to multiply examples of "interesting" questions to a great extent, but enough have been cited (and all the questions and passages referred to have actually been set during the last four years) to show how interesting and attractive the subject may be for anyone who may desire a novel method of whiling away an idle hour.

F.N.H.

Pastimes of the Great—and Others.

W. P. W-lpt-n : In finding the permutations of the number of ways of saying the same thing in as many different ways as possible without its being too obvious.

Prof. M-rm-n : In investigating whether the varied sounds of motor-horns are due to "i" mutation or palatal influence.

The V.C. : In discovering which way up post-impressionist pictures should be hung.

A M-rf-lđ St-d-nt : Wondering how Caesar managed to eat up his corn far and wide.

R-thw-U : Propounding to the Cavendish Society a definite proof that $6 \times 5 = 30$.

H-rnby : Trying to discover in what place in the corridor he may be seen talking to Miss— by the greatest number of students in the least possible time—or, is he learning Cookery?

60 *Students* : Learning how they may become "Devil's Disciples."

H.P. : With superb reticence we refrain from comment.

J. M., A.C., W.G.

Leeds University Working Men's Club.**Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing"**

AT

THE LEEDS UNIVERSITY WORKING MEN'S CLUB

(in aid of the Funds),

FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JAN. 9th and 10th,

AT 7.30 P.M.

CHARACTERS

(in the order of their entry).

Leonato, Governor of Messina	J. S. LIDBETTER
Hero, his daughter	MARY COHEN
Beatrice, his niece	DOROTHY P. PRIESTLEY
Messenger	LEO PRIESTLEY
Don Pedro, Prince of Arragon	J. H. S. WHARTON
Don John, his bastard brother	ADOLPH B. COHEN
Claudio, a young lord of Florence	D. F. STANDING
Benedick, a young lord of Padua	ERNEST CROSS
Antonio, brother to Leonato	C. STANDING
Conrade, } followers of Don John	C. J. SMITHELLS
Borachio, }	L. H. G. GREENWOOD
Margaret, } Gentlewomen attending	LYDIA M. HUGHES
Ursula, } on Hero	MARGARET E. COHEN
Boy	HUGH T. COHEN
Dogberry, } two foolish Officers	ADOLPH B. COHEN
Verges, }	WILFRID COGGILL
First Watchman	LEO PRIESTLEY
Second Watchman	R. J. H. F. WATHERSTON
Sexton	JULIUS B. COHEN
Friar	WILFRID COGGILL

It is a pity that it was inconvenient to arrange the performance of "Much Ado About Nothing" given in aid of the Club funds, for some date during term so that the University could have been as well represented in the body of the room as it was behind the footlights. As it was, the audience was divided between the Club people and those from "t'other end" with barely a maroon and white muffler among them. The platform had been provided for the occasion with gorgeous new drapings and the rather bare room was quite gay with light and colour.

It is very doubtful whether the absence of scenery was "in accordance with the conditions of the Elizabethan stage" as we were assured on the programme. What is certain, is that the usual costumed figures set against the uniform background, take on themselves new values and the method has in it the seeds of what, worked out by men of taste and insight, may produce effects into which the wrought language will fall without the incongruity and discord which seems ineradicable from contemporary dramatic art. The absence of stage properties was felt more by the actors than by the spectators. In the more serious passages, particularly when most of the stage was occupied by the cast, the actors evidently found it a task of more than ordinary difficulty to declaim a lengthy passage of blank verse without the friendly help of a chair, a table or a pillar to help control their loose members and prevent the ridiculously unnatural behaviour which is such an easy pitfall. Perhaps the most flagrant example of this was Leonato's speech in the Church scene, which he delivered at a brisk trot up and down, marring his otherwise excellent acting.

Hero's was a most beautiful performance. I cannot think of any part in dramatic literature which would have suited her better. Miss Priestley's interpretation of Beatrice showed an inborn taste for acting, of which she might make much. She deserves the greatest praise for a performance unmarred by any sign of straining after effect on the one hand, and amateur sheepishness on the other. Equally successful was Benedict who has added this part to his already formidable list of successes. It was certainly the wisest thing they could do, these two, to fall in love; no ordinary community would have tolerated them at large. The two arbour scenes went off with a great crispness due to really good acting. Let me say a word here for Ursula who acquitted herself with remarkable grace, of the self-confident Margaret, of Antonio who spoke agitatedly of herself as a gentleman, blushed, and belied his whiskers, of Don Pedro in cloak and billiard cue who moved with great dignity and looked absurdly young despite his beard and feathers. Claudio was perhaps more successful the first night when Mr. Greenwood filling the part for Mr. Standing, remembered his lines with difficulty, thus in spite of himself giving the impression that his words were actual improvisation. That ordinary people choose their words as they go along is so obvious a fact that it seems to escape most actors to-day, shooting their neatly-worded replies at you in their dialogue, before they have had chance to hear what it is that called it forth.

There was throughout a slight tendency to overdo the comic scenes, the First Watchman particularly showing a lack of appreciation of the not very subtle distinction between acting and "acting." One preferred Mr. Coggill's Friar to his Verges. There he acted with an admirable restraint, a part that lives in the memory. Conrade behaved with a spirit one would have fain seen in Borachio. I'm afraid his speeches did *not* "run like iron through the blood." Mr. A. B. Cohen did both his very different parts with distinction and a very praiseworthy saneness. The

Second Watchman looked as disreputable as could be desired. Master Cohen acted like a real boy—that is he did not act, and if you looked carefully through the Sexton's wig you could almost imagine you saw Professor Cohen.

The orchestra for its incisive rendering of German's happy music, deserves no small praise especially at the repeat performance when so woefully short-handed. Most of its members did yeoman service. It was very curious for instance to see Dogberry hang his whiskers over his finger board, and "wire in" at the 'cello part.

I'm afraid I have been unduly critical; had you been present you would have as little doubt as I have that the function was most successful. If any of us had any doubt as to the possibility of giving an enjoyable rendering of a Shakespearian play to an unlettered audience, it was sufficiently dispelled. The children, and there was no small number, enjoyed it thoroughly because they understood it and realised what a fine thing it was, even to the kiddie who, during a lull in the applause, amid unresponsive calls for the stage manager, called out in a perky voice for "Mister Tampell!"

A Students' Concert.

If numbers are a criterion, the dimensions of the audience left no doubt that a students' concert was an attraction second to none. And this same audience was like no other, testifying to a catholicity of appeal, the like of which is far to seek. Even a string of superlatives is inadequate to convey the expansiveness, the abandon of this audience. There were harassed-looking men who eat bread only in the sweat of their brow, maidens in twos and threes, pale faced women with heavy pensive babies, and large women with puny ones, all the interstices to the tiniest, being filled in a way that evinced amazing ingenuity, with noisy little boys and quiet little girls. Towards the top end, were the students, not half as interesting as the audience, most awaiting their turn on the programme, the more unfortunate part who had no turn to await, trying hard to come within the influence of the amazing bonhomie which filled the room to the rafters. It was a critical audience which nevertheless was not slow to signify its approval of honest effort; and if applause was given or withheld in rather unexpected places you could always be sure of coming home to the heart of some part of it.

Besides, the programme was of the most varied, ranging from comic songs to the most recent developments in the art of the Irish Theatre. Of solo items, there were more than I remember. Mr. Shaw, the idol of all the little boys, and, in a sneaking way of many of the grown-up ones, sang many comic songs and had all his work cut out to rise to the numerous encores which bore tribute to his standing popularity. Successful songs, recitations, &c. were given by the Misses Legge, Normington and Snowden and Messrs. Hoar and Hurworth, interspersed with items by members of the Club. Most of these latter contributions consisted of sentimental songs which produce heart-searching effects by a liberal use of slurring, mention of valleys and copious flowers, usually blue-bells or water-lilies. You can hear them any day at

a music hall, sung by scantily-dressed ladies with tearful voices, who stand against a drop curtain representing the Riviera with rose-coloured mountains in the distance.

A notable item was the rather puerile sketch given by the students of the Women's Hostel. It contains references to pigs and a lady's husband late deceased, calculated to bring the house down every time they recurred, and a Terpsichorean display in the shape of a *pas à deux*, which I have not yet been able to identify with any school of dancing extant. The illusion was well maintained, the whole thing being done in a naïve fashion, which had a charm all its own. Little Peter's sister, the central figure, deservedly made quite a hit. What would we not have given to be Little Peter, or at least a convalescent Buff-Orpington?

But perhaps the most interesting contribution was Lady Gregory's charming little "Workhouse Ward," given by Miss Cohen and Messrs. Smithells and A. B. Cohen. This, I'm afraid is not quite as general in its appeal as "The Rosary," or "On the Spa at Scarborough" in dyed riding-breeches; yet the supreme pleasure it gave to a few must in itself have more than repaid the trouble it cost to produce. There was always Mr. Smithell's bare foot to amuse the youngsters who never tired of watching it inadvertently shoot out from under the blanket as its owner was carried away by the fervence of his declamation, before the entrance of the sweet old lady with the very bad temper. I wish you could have seen a certain woman, old as the hills, who sat in the front row unmoved by the storm of comic song and rag-time. She quickened appreciably and centuries rolled from her brow as she quivered with that dry inward laugh of old folks at the impassioned utterances of Michael Mistal, ghastly pale through too liberal use of the flour-bag. It was wonderful to watch her hide her face in her shawl as if she were ashamed that after all she had gone through, she should be able to laugh at anything.

From every point of view, the thing was a great success. S. C.

Officers' Training Corps. DINNER.

THE Second Annual Dinner was held in the Refectory on December 4th, 1913.

Lieut. Priestley presided in the absence of Lieut. Brown, and the guest of the evening was Major R. S. May, General Staff, Head of the O.T.C. Department of the War Office.

About fifty-five members of the Corps, and representative Officers from the Leeds Rifles and other Corps were present, together with the Vice-Chancellor and those members of the Senate and Staff who, officially or by ties of interest are connected with the Corps.

We were particularly pleased to see quite a number of gentlemen (no longer mere 'men') who have obtained commissions in the Special Reserve or the Territorial Force from our own ranks. Those who

remember Mr. Perkins will not be surprised to hear that he was more immaculate than ever in a beautiful red mess jacket with lapels which matched his—complexion.

After an excellent repast, the toast of the King having been loyally drunk, Lieut. Priestly proceeded with the report for the year. He explained that he had taken over the command in the absence of Lieut. Brown. This was the first occasion of the kind on which we had been without our former commander, Lieut. Col. Kitson-Clark, of whose promotion we were so glad to hear. The chief event of the year, the camp, had been very successful. Leeds had acquitted itself well, and had won the Kitson-Clark Cup for the "rush" competition.

During the last year ten cadets had passed the "A" certificate examination, and eleven the "B" certificate, while eight had taken commissions, three in the Special Reserve, and five in the Territorial Force. These numbers were a great improvement on previous achievements. Lieut. Priestley closed with a few remarks about the camp, an account of which was given in a previous issue. Space forbids us to give more than a mere outline of the speeches which followed.

The Vice-Chancellor, in proposing the health of the Officers' Training Corps pointed out how much the University owed to the Corps for providing opportunities, such as the present one, for friendly intercourse between those two great branches of the state—the military and the academic.

The Vice-Chancellor took the opportunity of referring in very high terms to "that gallant soldier," the late Major Meiklejohn, V.C., who had been our guest last year, and who had done so much for the Officers' Training Corps throughout the country.

Major May responded. He was not afflicted with that incapacity to express himself, to which soldiers always say they are victims. He told us clearly and unhesitatingly what the authorities at the War Office had said of us. "Our discipline was good (not excellent!) and on the whole we were a satisfactory Corps, except in one particular—we must send more men in for the certificate examinations. We had improved in that respect lately, having recently added eight Officers to the Special Reserve or the Territorial Force—we must keep up that standard, and improve on it, for that after all is the first and most important reason for the existence of the Corps." Major May emphasised the facilities which are given to members of the Corps, whereby, with the minimum expenditure of time and money, they are enabled to render valuable service to our country.

Col.-Sergt. Stockdale proposed the health of the Special Reserve and the Territorial Force. Though an orator above the average he fell short of expressing the feelings of every member of the Corps, past and present, in his attempt to convey our regret at the loss of Capt. Nugent who is giving up his position as our Adjutant early in the year. Capt. Nugent has been with the Corps since it first started, and in that time, besides helping to an enormous extent in setting it on its feet, and giving us invaluable assistance

in preparation for the examinations, he has inspired real affection and deep respect in every man who has come in contact with him.

Lieut.-Col. J. W. H. Brown, T. D. in replying to the toast, said how glad he was to have so many men under him in the Royal Engineers T.F. from the University, and that he hoped he might have many more, and he wished the Corps all the success it deserved.

Capt. Nugent rose to propose the toast of the University, but the applause gave him a good deal longer to prepare his speech than he had anticipated. He asked leave to pass over his thanks for our reception of him, and what we had said about him. He complained that he had been unfairly treated. Last year he had had to propose the health of the University, and had managed to find a joke in "Punch" (and forget it when he came to repeat it) and one or two other remarks which he had managed to ejaculate, and now he had to propose the same toast again! He was therefore compelled to repeat those remarks, but didn't dare to try another joke. He said how much he enjoyed his work, and how sorry he was to give it up, and then with characteristic humility he sat down, amidst a burst of applause, which since it cannot have been in praise of his eloquence, must have been in honour of the man.

Professor Garstang replied in very happy terms on behalf of the University, and added a few words expressing his appreciation of Capt. Nugent's work.

It is interesting to note that since the dinner three more members of the Corps have taken commissions, eleven have passed the certificate "A" examination and eight certificate "B" and two more commissions are being negotiated at the time of writing.

The following dates should be noted:—

February 19th, Thursday, 6 p.m., parade for night operations.

March 7th, Saturday, Field Day.

November 14th, Saturday, Field Day.

March 6th, 1915, Saturday, Field Day.

The Secretaries of all athletic clubs are keeping these Saturdays clear, and cadets are excused lectures and laboratory work on those dates. The dates for next session are provisional as they have not yet been confirmed by the Senate.

Manchester University Verses.*

THE usual 'Varsity magazine poets are least successful when they attempt to write humorous poems, and those of Manchester seem to have been no exception to the rule. At any rate, out of a charming selection of verse of all kinds culled from their magazines dating from 1868 to 1912, which has recently been published, those which strike one as least meritorious are those classed as "Humorous Verse." The editors have, quite rightly, made this one of the smallest sections in the book, for out of some twenty poems not more than three or four bear mark of outstanding genius. The two by "Muda" coming

*"Manchester University Verses," 4s. 6d. net. (Manchester University Press.)

at the end of the section will give the reader a pleasant surprise for they, almost alone, contain true humour combined with decent poetry especially that entitled "On the back of a Lady's Neck," which ends with the lines;

"Poets have sung of woman's lovely form,
Of eyes and ears, and noses too I think;
Of teeth and lips and cheeks with ardour warm,
Of toes and fingers—usually pink;
But Delia (though you do not care a bit),
'Twas yours to loose the gates which held in
check,

This flood divine. 'Tis not your fault that it
Has streamed upon the back, dear, of your
neck!

But what the book lacks in humour is amply recompensed to the reader by the beauty of some of the serious poems; by none more than the dramatic. Only two such poems are included—would there were more! For both are excellent; "Lettrys and Science" being a praiseworthy imitation of the old morality plays and "Samson Adami" presenting something entirely new in its conception. The author has realised to the full the dramatic possibilities of the story, and will delight any reader by his clever interweaving of a love theme.

The short poems and sonnets deservedly occupy a good deal of space and far surpass the longer works. Though there are of course some of the well-worn types, the usual sonnets to "Night" and "Sleep" expressing time-honoured thoughts in conventional diction, yet, what strikes one most is the originality in the majority. The sonnets by "Candler," especially that on "Winter and Spring" strike quite a new note and will well repay any reader's perusal, while the "Song" beginning

"I am waiting in the forest where the leaves
are turning golden,

I am waiting in the forest for my love,"
is worthy of inclusion in any anthology of verse.

The longer poems are mainly prize poems—nothing more, nothing less—suffering from the usual defects of such efforts—stereotyped thoughts and phraseology, and not justifying their length by excellence. Certain passages are good but they depreciate in value through association. One exception should be made, "The prologue to Rudens" (not a prize poem) which quite deserves its place.

On the whole the book is well worth reading; the poems will compare favourably with the earliest efforts of many of our great poets and Manchester is to be congratulated upon taking the initiative in an enterprize which other Universities might do worse than follow.

EOSPENCRAGEDD.

Gymnasium Notes.

THE Inter-'Varsity Contests will be held this year at Liverpool on Friday, March 6th. Leeds will meet Manchester in Boxing Semi-final at Manchester on Friday, February 20th. Our only difficulty this year seems to be with regard to the Ladies' Fencing Team. We earnestly hope that they will be able to raise a

team and that we shall be escorted to Liverpool with our right and proper bodyguard of fencers.

Our own Boxing Contests will take place in the Gym. on Tuesday, February 10th, entries close Monday, February 9th. All would-be "white hopes" please note. The last item of news is that we hope very soon to have hot water installed in the Gym., when enthusiasts will be able to indulge in hot and cold showers alternately *ad lib.*

R. V. S.

Women's Hockey Club.

ON November 29th we suffered our first defeat of the season at the hands of Birmingham University. As four of our First XI. were unable to travel to Birmingham, credit is due to the team that the defeat was not more severe—Leeds losing by 2 goals to nil.

The following Saturday we met Bingley Training College in a quick even game, which ended in a draw of 3 goals to 3.

This term we have been less successful, losing both the matches played. On January 17th, Manchester University beat us on our own ground by 3 goals to 1.

The following week Leeds lost to Harrogate Ladies by 2 goals to 3. Leeds played a much better game than against Manchester, and it is hoped this improvement will continue.

The Second XI. have been more successful, beating Headingley Ladies by 3 goals to nil, and in the return match with Adel Ladies reduced a victory to a draw.

A. C.

Correspondence.

Leeds and District

Branch of the Classical Association.

To the Editor of the Gryphon.

Dear Sir,

The Inaugural Meeting of the above Branch will be held in the University Refectory on Saturday, March 14th, at 5 p.m., when Professor R. S. Conway of Manchester will give an address on *Horace as Poet Laureate*.

The Branch already numbers 100 members, drawn from various parts of Yorkshire. Some past and present students of the Yorkshire College and the Leeds University have joined, but not so many as we should like to see. We hope that the new Branch will help those who are leaving University, College, or School to keep alive their interest in classical studies. Besides occasional addresses and discussions, it is proposed in the summer to visit some Roman town or site (such as Slack) in Yorkshire, if not to make a more distant excursion to the Roman Wall; and in the winter months to form Classical Reading Circles, and to offer illustrated lectures on classical subjects to schools and other institutions. A General Meeting of the Classical Association itself will probably be held in Leeds within the next few years, and then if not earlier our students will no doubt be ready with another play of Aristophanes in the series so well opened by the *Clouds* and the *Frogs*.

Those who join the Branch alone pay an annual subscription of 2s. 6d. A subscription of 7s. 6d. entitles to membership of both the Branch and the Central Association, as well as to the receipt of the *Year's Work in Classical Studies* and the *Proceedings of the Classical Association*. Further information can be obtained from Professor Connal or myself.

Yours faithfully,
W. RHYS ROBERTS.

Jan. 26th, 1914.



DEPARTMENTAL NOTES.

Textile Students' Association. Students' Section.

THE Annual Dinner was held on November 7th in the Hotel Metropole. Among those present were Mr. F. T. Chadwick, President, the Vice-Chancellor of Leeds University, Messrs. F. Priestley, D. D. Marshall, F. R. Rhodes, Alderman Kinder, W. Middlebrook, M.P., J. Philips, A. Drysdale, and W. W. Macpherson.

On Tuesday, 20th January, Mr. Hodgkinson read a paper on "Colour in extra Warp and Weft," in the Refectory. After the paper the subject was thrown open for discussion, of which several students availed themselves. After the paper, Mr. Ruston, of the Agriculture Department, gave a very interesting Lecture in the Lecture Room on "Smoke," treating it more from the farmer's point of view than from the manufacturer's. He explained the destructive effect of smoke on vegetable life. The lecture was well illustrated with slides, some of which were of blooms of flowers in colour.

We were very glad to see a number of the members of the Cavendish Society with us at this lecture.

J. POLLOCK, *Hon. Sec. pro tem.*

The Engineering Society.

THE first meeting of this term was held on January 14th, when Mr. Webster Jenkinson, F.G.A., of the firm of Franklin, Wild & Co., Chartered Accountants, London, read a most interesting paper on "Some Principles of Accounting affecting Cost Accounts."

Mr. Jenkinson very kindly provided printed copies of his Lecture, which members may have by applying to the Secretary.

This Lecture is the first we have ever had in connection with other local Societies, namely, Bradford, Keighley and Leeds Associations, and it is hoped to hold more at some future date.

The attendance of students has been very bad this last term. This can, however, be very easily remedied, if the students themselves would take it in hand.

E. H. CROFT, *Hon. Sec.*

Natural History Society.

THE second meeting was held in the Botanical Department on December 4th, 1913, the President being in the chair. Mrs. Redman King gave a most interesting paper on the "General Cussedness of Yeast." After warning her hearers not to have anything to do with yeast or they would never be able to get away from its evil influence, Mrs. King gave some examples of its behaviour, and of its never-failing habit of doing just the opposite to what one would expect. The discussion following the paper was marked by a spirited duet and duel between Mrs. King and Professor Priestley.

The third meeting held on Thursday, January 15th, in the Botanical Department, was the Annual Meeting of Past and Present Students. Mr. Stiles was in the chair.

Professor Garstang showed a wooden model of a Rhodesian Antelope.

Miss Smith then gave a paper on "Reminiscences of a Month's Teaching," beginning by quoting "Those who can, do; those who can't do, teach; those who can't teach, teach others to teach." In the course of a most interesting paper, we were initiated into the mysteries of how to do experiments without apparatus. Mr. Dry and Mrs. King took part in the discussion.

The next paper was a most able one by Miss Briggs, entitled, "A Brief Account of the Influence of their surroundings on three cities." The cities were Amsterdam, Venice and Hildesheim, and we were shown how climate and environment influenced their life and growth; how in the Sunny South, Venice rose, declined and fell whilst in the bleak North, Amsterdam, fighting for very existence against Nature, grew slowly but surely.

The last paper was a fascinating account of "The Evolution of Bird-Song," by Miss McKee. Sounds were first uttered in the excitement of a fight. Just before the attack, the rate of breathing increases and this in big animals produces grunts, and in small ones hissing. Later, we get sounds expressing the emotions of pain, pleasure, rage, etc. Miss McKee then showed how these inarticulate noises evolved to the beautiful songs of modern birds.

The meeting then adjourned to the Geological Laboratory. After a short musical programme, supper was served, and the proceedings ended with an original sketch, "The White Feather," or "What the Public doesn't want."

R.E.C.

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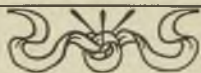
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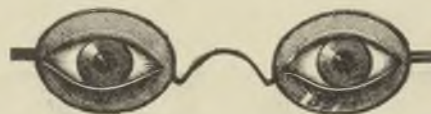
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